

In Recital

Christina Hof, soprano

assisted by

Donna Noton, Piano

Saturday, March 20, 2004 at 5:00 pm

Studio 27

Fine Arts Building



DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

When Daisies Pied
Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind
Under the Greenwood Tree
words from Shakespeare's "As You Like It"

Thomas Arne
(1710-1778)

From *Harmonia Sacra*
An Evening Hymn
We Sing to Him
Lord, what is Man

Henry Purcell
(ca.1659-1695)

Intermission

Ave Maria

Johann Sebastian Bach/Charles Gounod
(1685-1750)/(1818-1893)

Heidenröslein (1815)
(Goethe)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Frühlingsglaube (1820)
(Ludwig Uhland)

Ständchen (1826)
(William Shakespeare: From *Cymbeline*)

An die Musik (1817)
(Franz Schober)

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen (1815)
(Goethe)

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
(Ippolito Pindemonte 1753-1828)

Vincenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Ma rendi pur contento
(Pietro Metastasio 1698-1782)

Vaga luna che inargenti
(Ippolito Pindemonte 1753-1828)

From *Die Fledermaus*
Mein Herr Marquis

Johann Strauss
(1825-1899)

Translations

Ave Maria/Hail Mary

Hail Mary, full of grace
The Lord is with you
Blessed are you among women
And Blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus.
Holy Mary, pray for us sinners
Now and at the hour of our death.
Amen.

Heidenröslein/Wild Rose

A boy saw a wild rose growing,
wild rose on the heath,
was so young and morning-fair,
fast he ran to see it near,
saw it with great joy.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Said the boy: You will I pick,
wild rose on the heath!
Said the wild rose: You I'll prick,
that you'll forever think of me,
and suffer it I will not.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

And that unruly boy did pick the wild rose on the heath;
the rose fought back and pricked,
oh-ing and ah-ing helped not at all,
he had just to suffer.
Wild rose, wild rose, wild rose red,
wild rose on the heath.

Translation by George Bird and Richard Stokes

Frühlingsglaube/Spring Faith

Gentle breezes are awake,
murmuring, stirring night and day,
everywhere active, creative.
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!
Now must all things, all things change.

Daily the word grows fairer,
what may yet come, we do not know,
to blooming there is no end;
the farthest, deepest valley blooms:
now, poor heart, forget your torment.
Now must all things, all things change.

Translation by: George Bird and Richard Stokes

Ständchen/Serenade

Hark, hark, the lark in heaven's blue
And Phoebus, new-awakened,
waters his steeds with the dew
that lies on chaliced flowers.
The marigold bud opens
its tiny golden eye;
with every pretty thing,
sweet maid, arise,
for you are so pretty;
sweet maid, arise!

And though all sweet night long
the bright hose of stars
in turn keep watch high over you,
they hope for even more-
to be greeted by your starry eyes.
Awake! They're waiting,
for you are so pretty;
sweet maid, arise!

Translation by George Bird and Richard Stokes

And die Musik/To Music

O Kindly Art, in how many a grey hour
when I am caught in life's unruly round,
have you fired my heart with ardent love
and borne me to a better world!

Often, has a sigh from your harp,
a chord, sweet and holy, from you,
opened for me a heaven of better times;
O kindly Art, for that I thank you!

Translation by George Bird and Richard Stokes

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen/Passion throngs all lanes and byways

Love can be found everywhere,
But fidelity is rare.
Love will come to find you,
But fidelity must be sought out.

Translation by: T.P. Perrin

Malinconia, ninfa gentile / Melancholy, gracious nymph

Melancholy, gracious nymph,
I devote my life to you;
Whoever disdains your pleasures
Is not born for true pleasures.

I asked the gods for sorings and hills,
They heard me at last, and I shall live content,
I shall never desire to pass beyond
That spring or that mountain.

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

Ma Rendi Pur Contento / Only Make her Happy

Only make happy
The heart of my beautiful [lady],
And I will pardon you, love,
If my own [heart] is not glad.

Her troubles I fear
More than my own troubles;
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Translation by Barbara Miller

Vaga luna che inargenti / Lovely moon, your silver light

Lovely moon, your silver light
shines on these banks and these flowers,
you inspire the elements
to the language of love;
you alone are witness to my ardent desire,
and tell the one I love
of my beating heart and my sighing.

Tell her that distance cannot ease my pain,
and that if I cherish one hope
it is for the future alone.
Tell her too that day and night
I count the hours of pain
and that one tempting hope
comforts me in love.

Translation by Antonio Giuliano

Mein Herr Marquis / The Laughing Song

My dear Marquis, it seems to me you should employ
more tact!

If I may advise, better use your eyes, and think before
you act!

This hand is too fine and too sweet, this ankle too slim
and petite,

The fashions I am wearing, the language and the
bearing,

Such polish and finesse no chambermaids possess!

You must admit it, come what may, that was an awful
thing to say.

What a funny, ha, ha, ha, situation, ha, ha, ha

So excuse me, ha, ha, ha, my elation, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha!

So funny a Marquis is he!

Just look at me, and you will see that nature did her
best.

If you think my face is my only grace, then please
observe the rest!

Just take one more look and observe, the exquisite line
and the curve.

My charming conversation displays imagination.

No chambermaid would be as great a hit as me.

I proved my point sufficiently, you owe me an
apology!

English Version by Ruth and Thomas Martin